and furd-gownes hides all. Get thee glaſſe eyes, and like a ſcurvy politician, ſeeme to ſee the things thou doeſt not; No, now pull off my boots, harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter and impertinency, mixt reaſon in madneſſe.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune, take my eyes; I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloſter, thou muſt be patient, we came crying hither: thou knowſt the firſt time that we ſmel the aire, we waile and cry. I will preach to thee, marke me.

Glo. Alack, alack, the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great ſtage of fooles: this a good blocke. It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoot a troope of horſe with fell, and when I haue ſtole vpon theſe ſonnes in law, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him ſirs.

Lear. No reſcue, what a priſoner? I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune: vſe me well, you ſhall haue a ranſom. Let me haue a Chirurgeon, I am cut to'th braines.

Gent. You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds, all my ſelfe: why this would make a man of ſalt to vſe his eyes for garden water-pottes. I and laying Autumnes duſt.

Gent. Good Sir.

Lear. I will dye brauely like a Bridegroome. What, I will bee iouiall: Come, come, I am a King my maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life int, nay if you get it you ſhall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pittifull in the meaneſt wretch, paſt ſpeaking of in a king: thou haſt one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curſe which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir ſpeed you, what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure and vulgar, euery ones heares
That can diſtinguiſh ſenſe.

Edg. But by your fauour, how neeres the other army?

Gent.

Gent. Neere and on ſpeed for't, the maine deſcries,
Stands on the hourely thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you ſir, thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on ſpeciall cauſe is heere,
His army is mou'd on. *Exit*

Edg. I thanke you ſir.

Glo. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me againe,
To dye before you pleaſe.

Edg. Well pray you father.

Glo. Now good ſir what are you.

Edg. A moſt poore man, made lame by fortunes blowes,
Who by the Art of knowne and feeling ſorrowes
Am pregnant to good pitty. Giue me your hand,
Ile leade you to ſome biding.

Gloſt. Hearty thankes, the bounty and the benizon of heauen to boot, to boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize, moſt happy; that eyles head of thine was firſt framed fleſh to raiſe my fortunes. Thou moſt vnhappy Traitor, briefely thy ſelfe remember, the ſword is out that muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore bolde pezant darſt thou ſupport a publiſht traytor, hence leaſt the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go ſir without cagion.

Stew. Let go ſlaue, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore volke paſſe: and chud haue beene zwaggar'd out of my life, it would not haue bene zo long by a vortnight: nay come not neere the olde man, keepe out cheuore ye, or ile try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder, chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill. *They fight.*

Edg. Chil pick your teeth zir, come no matter for your foines.

Stew.